

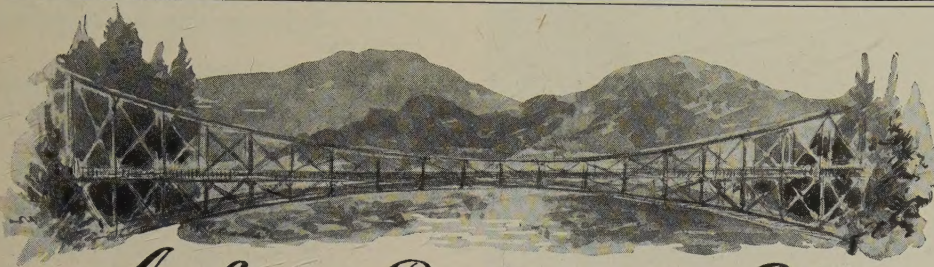
# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 30

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APRIL 28, 1918



## *Arch and Betty do their Bit* by Effie Egbert

*In Two Parts.*

*Part I.*

WE didn't go to Aunt Patty's ranch this summer, because Aunt Patty doesn't run her ranch, herself, any more. She has leased it to a company and they raise rice on it instead of wheat and barley the way Aunt Patty used to do. Aunt Patty said this gave her the first chance she had had in years to play, and that she was going to make the most of it. So she went for the summer to a resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and she took Arch and me with her. You go there on the Southern Pacific train, and when you get off at the station you see lots of darling little houses, not one of them painted, under the pine trees, and all the people who live in them and in the hotel are out standing along the track to see who has come on the train. I liked it right away. Arch didn't. He said there were too many women and girls. Aunt Patty liked it too. It isn't a bit like her ranch. If you go to look off anywhere you are looking right at the side of another mountain. Arch said, give him the flat country. He wanted to go home the very next day, and said he'd a whole lot rather be at the ranch and see the rice growing in water. Aunt Patty told him that as long as he had come he ought to try to enjoy it and learn all he could about the mountains. Why, even when he'd been there three days he didn't know buck brush. He thought it was manzanita.

There were two boys there, one older and one younger than him. He didn't like either of them. But pretty soon he began to like an Indian who sold trout to the hotel. He liked him better than anybody. One day he went fishing with him and stayed all day long. After that he never said a word about going home, and pretty soon he was just crazy about going fishing. I wanted to go too, but he told Aunt Patty not to let me. He said that I'd talk and scare the fish, and that that Indian didn't talk for four hours once. Then the Indian went away and Arch said he didn't care if I did go.

We went early in the morning when it was sort of twilight because the sun hadn't got up yet behind the mountains. You'd never think how cold it was then, and so hot at

noon. We went down a lovely canyon. The trees were ever so much bigger than up round the hotel, and there were lots of sugar pine and cedar, that grew so high you couldn't see the sun. And there were the loveliest Woodwardia ferns along a brook that ran down hill, and stones all covered with moss and pink bleeding-heart. I just loved it. Arch caught all the fish.

He said he was going home a new way and asked me how I would like it to get lost. I told him I wanted to get lost. I thought it would be lots of fun. It was, too, only different from fun. Arch thought he knew exactly how to get back, but the trouble was that the trails round the mountains are so twisty Arch got mixed and thought south was north. I walked behind him all the time and loved the slippery feeling of the pine needles under my feet. Every once in a while I stopped to see if I could see blue above, and sometimes I had to bend my head way back to see the sky. When we came out into open places it was awfully hot and you could smell the gum on the pine trees.

After we'd walked around ever so many mountains Arch stopped. "Well, I'll be jiggered," he said.

I hurried up to where he was, and right in front was a railroad bridge. We'd never seen it before, so by that Arch knew we were lost. It was high, a trestle bridge, over a deep ravine, and in the bottom of the ravine was a river. It was the Yuba River, only we didn't know it then. It seemed funny after the Sacramento at Auntie's ranch to call that little bit of water a river. We went along the top of the mountain where we were until we came to the end of the bridge. We were going to walk over it, but a soldier in khaki and a cap and a gun and everything stopped us. He said pedestrians were not allowed to cross the bridge, that we'd have to go round, and he told us how we could go back where we had been and the place to turn off the trail so we could get back to the hotel.

When we got off so he couldn't hear us I asked Arch what they had a soldier way out in the woods for. He said they had soldier guards at every bridge on account of the enemy, and he asked me if I knew who the enemy was. I said right off, Germans, Austrians, Turks, and Bulgarians, only the Austrians not so much so.

Before we got to the place where we had to turn off, Arch said he bet he could go a shorter way, and if I was game for climbing down the ravine and up on the other side, we could strike that trail just the same as if we went back. I told him of course I could. It was kind of hard climbing down, because some of the rocks were pretty big and the places to put your feet were so small. But we saw the loveliest ferns I ever saw in my life, dear little golden-backs, just hundreds and thousands of them growing against the rocks. And there was maidenhair too. I didn't get any to take home, because I had to have both my hands to climb with, and Arch was carrying the fish. He had seven of them—on a string. That way, he said, nobody would think he was a tenderfoot; but if he put them in a regular fish basket, with grass in the bottom and slung it over his shoulder, everybody would know right away.

We didn't even get our feet wet crossing the river, because there were stones we could step on, and it wasn't nearly so hard climbing up the north side. We were as far then as the other end of the bridge, only way off from it, off east from it, I mean. It seemed good to stand up and walk again. I told Arch that I was glad I wasn't a coyote, or a squirrel, or anything that had to keep down on all fours when it was going along. Just as soon as these words were out of my mouth I gave an awful start, so did Arch, for right in front of us a great, big man was standing. It seemed exactly as if he had come out of a rock that was there. Cross as could be, he asked us, "What you doing here?"

Arch said we were lost and were going home.

"Well, get there quick, or I'll"—and then he stopped and said in a nicer voice, "I'm fishing near here and I don't want boys and girls to come here and scare the fish."

So then he went on, but Arch said the man was crazy. The only place there could be fish was down in the river and that was too shallow. He said he guessed the man thought fish stayed up in pine trees and he could shoot them with that pistol he had in his belt.

The minute Arch said that, I stood stock still and looked at him. "He's a German spy," I said. "He's going to blow up the bridge."

Arch laughed. "You're crazy too," he said.

"I know he is, Arch," I kept on. "I know he is."

"How do you know he is?" Arch asked. "You can't tell any better than I can, and I don't know it."

"I can too. I feel it, just feel and feel and feel it. It's a hunch. And what have they got that guard there for if they don't think somebody is going to try to?"

Arch wouldn't answer, but all the way back to the hotel I kept on feeling the same way. We got there in time to have the trout cooked for lunch, but I never knew I was eating them, because I was thinking of something else about that man. I knew Arch would laugh at me, but I didn't care. I

whispered that I had something else to tell him and to come out to the pines back of the hotel after lunch.

When we got there Arch said, "Well what?" kind of short, though I noticed he wanted to know bad enough to ask.

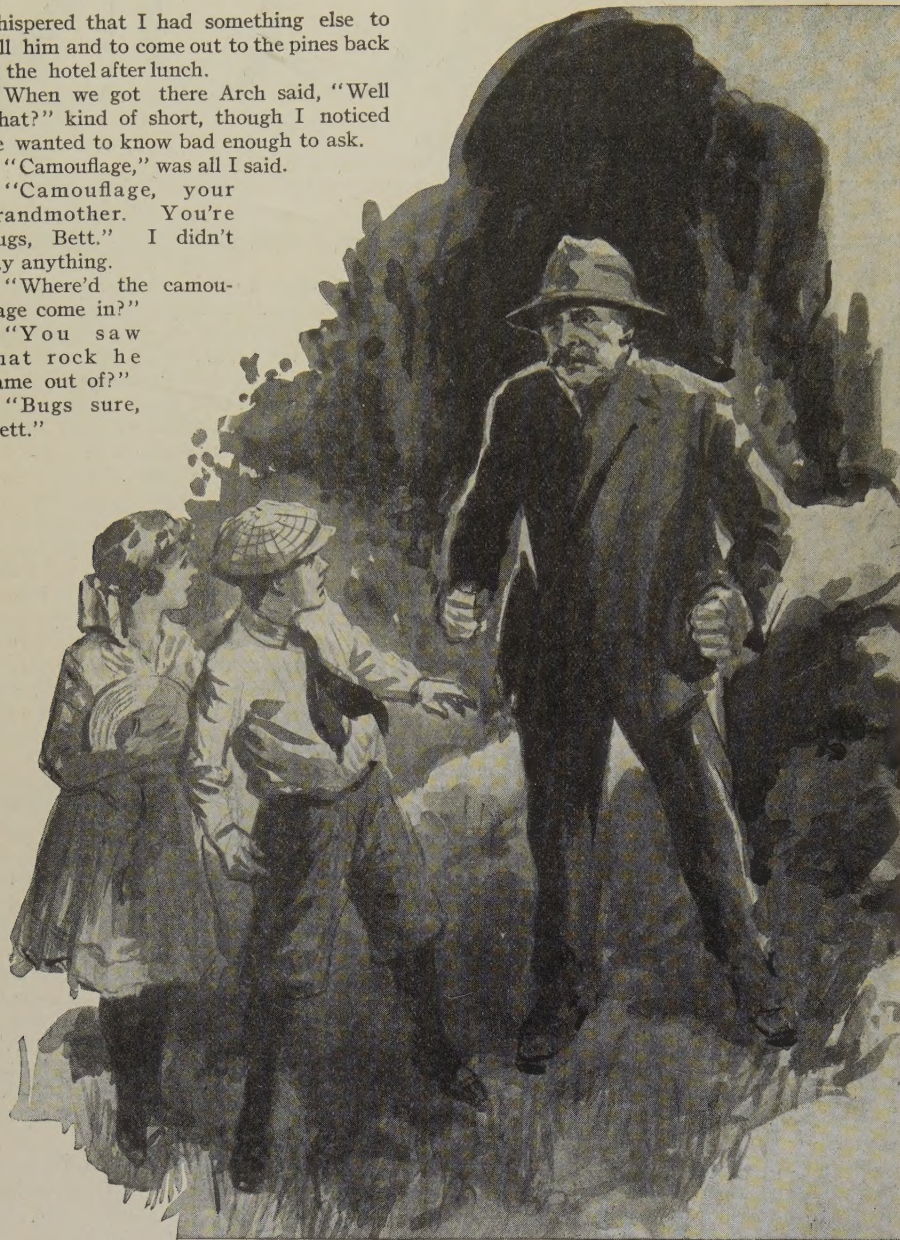
"Camouflage," was all I said.

"Camouflage, your grandmother. You're bugs, Bett." I didn't say anything.

"Where'd the camouflage come in?"

"You saw that rock he came out of?"

"Bugs sure, Bett."



Drawings by H. Weston Taylor

"Arch said we were lost and were going home."  
"Well, get there quick, or I'll—"

"All right," I said. "Bugs. But did you see that right down the side of that rock there was green grass growing? Grass isn't green in July, excepting in wet places. Auntie says it stays green where they have rain, but you know yourself it doesn't in California. And anyway, grass doesn't grow on rocks. It's only moss."

"By Jingo, Betty!" was all that Arch said.

"You remember what Lieutenant Caspar told us that they learned all about at the Presidio training-camp? How the soldiers at war sewed grass on sacks and spread them round when they wanted to hide their guns and fool the enemy. And another thing—that man was a German, and I just know he had something hidden under that grass that looked as if it was growing on a rock. And if he'd lived here always, he'd have sewed dried moss on."

"By Jingo, Betty!" Arch kept saying that all the time. Pretty soon he said, "I'm going back there again."

"Take me too," I said.

"No, you stay home."

"I will not," I said. "He's my spy. I found him."

"That's all right, but girls oughtn't to be round where there are spies and things like that."

"Why Arch! They ought to too. Look at those Russian girls. Don't you remember? Aunt Patty read us about them. They called themselves 'The Battalion of Death,' and they fought and did everything. If you go without me it'll be the same thing as stealing."

"Stealing nothing," Arch said back. But just the same, he let me go with him.

*To be continued.*

What conqueror in any part of Life's battle could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument, than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial to his achievements?

H. J. Lossing.

"Scatter your flowers as you go; you will never go over the road again."

## On Arbor Day.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

GLAD Arbor Day's coming, and what shall you do,

Merry maiden and frolicsome boy?

"We'll plant a young elm, and a maple or two—

For growing things always bring joy!"

And what will you do when they're planted with care,

Blithe laddie and sweet, merry maid?

"We'll tend them, and hope that the birds will build there—

And some day we'll play in their shade."

## The King's Garden.

BY A. M. REILLEY.

LONG years ago, in a far-off country, there lived a little prince. Being the king's only child, of course he was very rich and had everything to make him happy; but, strange to relate, the prince was very unhappy. Things only pleased him for a little while. Then he would grow restless again and beg for something new.

Now the king ordered a beautiful garden built for his boy. It had shady walks, lovely flower-beds, and bubbling fountains. In the pools the goldfish played and the birds came down from their tree-top homes to drink and bathe in the sparkling waters.

When it was completed the king took his son to walk in it. "This beautiful garden is all for you, my prince," he said. "I have had this high wall built around it so that not one in my kingdom can see and enjoy it, but you."

Just as the king finished speaking he saw two little boys coming along the path that led to the fountain. They were clapping their hands and gazing in wonder and admiration at the water as it sprang higher and higher.

"O father," said the little prince, "let me show the boys my garden. I know it wants to be shown, for the flowers are standing taller and the fountain is leaping higher and singing louder to attract their attention. Please let me go to them."

But the king held tight hold of his son's hand and in angry tones bade the gardener drive out the children and lock the gates.

When they were gone the prince and his father sat down on the marble bench beside the fountain.

But things didn't seem as beautiful as before, to the prince. The water didn't leap so high, and its pretty bubbling sound grew fainter and fainter. The birds had flown away and the tall, stately lilies in the near-by flower-bed drooped their heads.

"I think the flowers and the fountain are angry because we drove the little boys away," said the prince. "They want to share their beauty with others. I would be very happy if I could share my garden with them."

"You are right, my son," said the king, after a moment's reflection. "Happiness cannot be bought, and we are only happy when we share our pleasures with others. The walls that surround the garden shall be torn down and the gates left open so that all the people of my kingdom may enjoy its beauty."

"How glad I am, father," said the prince. "Now we will call the boys back again."

Then the fountain leaped and sang once more, and the prince danced for joy.

## My Blossoming Tree.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

IT'S been the longest time to me  
Just waiting for my Blossoming Tree ;  
I call it that because each spring  
It seems to love its blossoming.  
All winter it has waited, too,  
For that was all we both could do.  
And then that precious Tree just tried  
To keep its troubles all inside.

And yet it looked so cold and bare  
Outside my window waiting there,  
I've whispered to it every day,  
"Dear Tree, the spring is on its way."

And once a little while ago,  
It really started, but the snow  
Began again—and how I cried!  
Although my patient Tree just sighed.  
It sighed so hard, last night a breeze  
Played softly through the shrubs and trees,  
And seemed to say with sweetest voice,  
"It's Blossoming Time, dear Tree, rejoice."

We went to sleep, my Tree and I—  
'Twas such a lovely lullaby  
And do you know, to-day, first thing,  
I saw my Tree was Blossoming!

## One May-day Basket.

BY NAN TODD.

THE clatter of Professor Hoyt's brass knocker echoed throughout the house. Hardly had its din ceased when the door was swung open and the gray-haired, scowling Professor himself stood on the sunny porch.

"Well—well—what do you want?" he growled. "Why—what's this?"

The young caller stumbling down the steps had planned a better retreat than she had accomplished; but one is often thus surprised when intruding upon the enemy's domain. Because an answer was expected, she said, "It's a May-day basket, sir, I brought you."

For a second the Professor was too bewildered to acknowledge the gift, but just held the gay, little home-made basket close to his nearsighted eyes and mumbled to himself, "Why—spring beauties—violets—wake-robins—how I used to gather them when I was a boy!"

Katie stammered, "They're bloomin' in the woods a mile from our house, sir."

"You don't mean it—well—well—and you brought this to me—and for keeps?" he added.

"Yes, sir."

"It's lovely. I declare, it's the nicest one I ever saw, and the only one I ever had given to me." Smiles had chased away the scowls. And he continued, "What a May-day it is—sunny, warm, and fragrant with growing gardens"—Then he hesitated. For out of the open kitchen window came the magical aroma of coffee, muffins, and frying bacon. The Professor stepped forward and holding out his hands cordially said: "Do come in and have breakfast with me. Nothing would please Sadie more."

"But I've had mine long ago—and I was on my way to school!"

"One can eat two breakfasts on a morning like this, you know. And I was wishing that



First Town School Barge in New England.

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY.

CHELMSFORD, Massachusetts, now owns the first school auto barges ever owned by a municipality in New England. There are two of them, a G.M.C. and a Pierce-Arrow, and together they accommodate more than eighty pupils.

A new high school has just been erected to take care of all the pupils in the entire town of five villages. Previously there were two small high schools and various teams,

a fairy guest like you would come; for breakfasts day after day always alone—There goes the bell—Sadie is very impatient"—

Of course Katie Rice accepted the Professor's invitation, for it was very early. And such a breakfast! She forgot her previous one, and smiled across the shining spotless linen at her host, while anxious Sadie hovered near, her face wreathed in smiles at the unexpected guest's appearance. Katie had dared leave her May-day basket on the Professor's porch because of a March morning of the same year when she had seen him pick a timid, cold, little dandelion and call it pretty. Then for a second time she had seen him smile,—the old Professor, whom the students of the college called a "crab" and a "crank," and who wrote long books on history. But she believed him different—and found it true.

When the last brown muffin had disappeared from the deep blue plate, the smiling host and his giggling happy guest left the table and went into the Professor's cozy study. Such a room, with its rows and rows of books, deep chairs, warm-colored rugs, and long windows which overlooked the sunny garden! Katie was enthusiastic over its charm. On the wide desk besides the numerous papers and lengthy, heavy-looking histories were two bright little books of fairy stories. The guest discovered them immediately.

"Oh—I've read them both—but I like the one called 'The Princess's Garden' best. The man, Mr. Karl, who wrote them must like children." She turned towards the smiling Professor, eagerness in her voice and clasped hands. "And you have read them, too?"

driver of the truck opens and closes the door and at the same time the step is swung up under the body of the car so that nobody can ride on the step and get hurt. A large emergency door at the rear can be opened in a fraction of a minute in case of accident. The drivers also are hired by the week and do the school repairing of the town, carry express, and save a lot of incidental expenses in this way.

School authorities throughout Massachusetts are watching the Chelmsford plan eagerly, for if it proves as successful as the school committee anticipates, many towns throughout New England will undoubtedly follow Chelmsford's example.

"I wouldn't tell my college classes, but you'll understand—I've read them. I like fairy stories."

"Oh, goody."

And how the Professor and his little guest talked. He forgot his classes and she forgot her school, until the old clock in the hall warned them there was just twenty minutes left in which to reach their respective schools. As Katie said good-by Professor Hoyt handed her a package clumsily wrapped in paper.

"Don't open it until you're in the little room you told me about. It's a secret!"

"Goody—I love secrets. You won't tell mine, either?"

Professor Hoyt shook his head. "I shall expect you to bring your poems to me to-morrow for criticism. You know I have many publisher friends. If you try, maybe you can earn a little of that money with which to help your mother. The little poem tucked away inside my May-day basket shows much charm. Good-by. You have brought me much happiness this May morning."

And Katie, running, turned and waved her hand until the little white house and sunny garden was no longer to be seen, while the Professor wiped his eyes and sighed softly to himself. A May-day wish had come true.

Later, when school was over for the day and Katie had reached her own tiny room, close up under the eaves, she opened the package and found the two books of fairy stories she loved so well. And on the fly-leaf of one she saw words of explanation that the author was none other than Professor Hoyt himself, who had written the stories because he loved children, flowers, and fairies.

The following day, Katie, dressed in her nicest dress, with freshly ironed hair ribbons, and shoes that shone like looking-glasses,

electric cars, barges, etc., carried the pupils. The town committee saw the wisdom of combining routes and covering nearly all of the ground with two auto trucks, and so their recommendation to purchase such trucks was accepted, and to-day all of the pupils are safely carried to school with the least possible loss of time, in comfort and absolute safety.

Each truck is upholstered with imitation leather, so that the seat for each pupil is very comfortable. The



## THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Six members of a class of girls in Petersboro, N.H., have written letters telling of their interest in our Club, and that they have formed a club in their class which they call "The Beacon Girls." They tell us, too, that their Sunday school is having a contest, the school being divided into two teams, the Reds and Blues, the losing side to provide an entertainment or supper for the winners. The teacher of this class is Miss Elizabeth M. Parkhurst, and the girls are Gladys Blaisdell, Marion Brown, Annie Fitzgerald, Elinor Green, Arria Pratt, and Angeline Wells.

The Beacon Club warmly welcomes its new namesake.

32 DUTCHER STREET,  
HOPEDALE, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy taking *The Beacon* very much. I go to Unitarian Sunday school in Hopedale. Our minister's name is Rev. C. A. Henderson. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button. I have knit 2 sweaters, 1 Balaklava cap and 2 scarfs. Also 2 stripes for afghans and about 19 squares.

Yours with love,

HELEN REDGROVE.

started for the Professor's. All the way she hippity-hopped, pig-tails bobbing and blue eyes dancing with happiness. In a box under one arm were the precious poems, the result of much planning, rhyming, and sharpening of a stubby red pencil, and much happiness mixed in. The gray-haired host was delighted with her manuscripts but he scolded Katie, too, because she would always rhyme and forget the time, as she gigglingly explained. Twice a week Katie called at the Professor's and stayed to supper, much to Sadie's satisfaction, and then attended an English class in which she was the only member.

As a result, one year later, her dainty little poems were tucked away in the new book of fairy stories Professor Hoyt had written. No one knew it but the two authors themselves, the jolly fat publisher, and Katie's mother. The writers called the book "The May-day-Basket Stories." It sold wonderfully well, too, for it really was charming. On the cover was a picture of a gay little basket filled to the brim with wild flowers. Thus Katie was able to help her mother, and also started her career, while the lonely old Professor found a new little friend—and all because of the May-day basket. After all, it's the best thing to do, and next May-day, if you forgot this time, think of some one very lonely and see just what happiness your small token can bring—for one never knows.

### The Beacon a Visitor at Lincoln School.

THROUGH the generosity of Mrs. Mary S. Learned of Gilroy, Cal., copies of our paper are sent to Lincoln School, Lawrence, Kan. This is a public school for colored children, of which the teachers also are colored. The principal is Miss Mary

132 CIRCULAR AVENUE,  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its badge. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and am in class four. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hunter. There are only three in our class, but we accomplish a good deal each Sunday. If one is absent a Sunday one of the other girls tells her the next Sunday she comes, about the lesson, which she has lost. We are studying about "The Story of Jesus," and have the note-book which is written by you, and think it lovely.

I love to read the *Beacon* stories and try to figure out some of the puzzles.

Sincerely yours,

GRETA E. FRIBERG.

Other new members of our Club are Dorothy Girard, San Francisco, Cal.; Lawrence Lyon Alexander, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.; Alice Hume and Margaret Jonah, Eastport, Me.; Alice C. and Edith C. Adams, Ellsworth, Me.; Ella Gauthner and Evelyn Lantz, Keene, N.H.; Arthur R. Guenther, Providence, R.I.

New members in Massachusetts are Esther P., E. Rebecca, and Frances Walcott, Concord; Laura Palmer and Harry W. Snow, Jr., Jamaica Plain.

Dillard, a graduate and post-graduate of Lawrence University, who has attended other schools for higher education in Chicago and the East. Mrs. Learned writes that a copy of *The Beacon* is kept on the teacher's desk and the pupil who gets his or her lesson first is permitted to go to the desk and get the paper. She sends us several letters which were written to her last spring by pupils of the school. We can give space to but one of these interesting letters, but all are well composed and neatly written, showing the excellent work that is being done by the pupils.

LINCOLN SCHOOL,  
LAWRENCE, KAN.  
March 23, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Learned:—We thank you very much for *The Beacon*, in which I am very much interested. In the March 16 number there is a story I enjoy reading. It is "The Twins and Blackie." It is a good story. Others of my class like it too.

Our grammar lesson was letter-writing, and our teacher, Miss Lucas, suggested we write a real letter to you, thanking you for *The Beacon*. We were writing play letters to one another in the class.

The one who has the best lesson can read *The Beacon*. After I read them I tell them to my little sister, who enjoys listening to them.

I know you would like to know what we are doing. The boys of my room and myself are giving basketball games. We had one game with Central School team; they beat by a score of 14 to 13. We are raising money for a library record-book, of which I am librarian, and for a basketball. We are helping to pay for the Victrola, too.

Yours truly,

PAUL EVANS.  
(5-a and 6 Grades.)

The names of the other pupils who have written are Oreta Adams, George McCalep, and Ada Myers.

May this School long continue its good work and may *The Beacon* ever be a welcome visitor!

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LX.

I am composed of 23 letters.  
My 1, 5, 9, 6, is a place where money is made.  
My 4, 15, 11, 13, is to ascend.  
My 2, 21, 8, 9, is destruction.  
My 14, 15, 10, 23, 17, is part of a gun.  
My 3, 20, 9, 12, is a part of the body.  
My 7, 12, 16, 17, 13, 4, is something one looks for.  
My 18, 20, 21, 19, is a division of time.  
My 22, 20, is to depart.  
My whole is the name of a popular novel.

ALICE HUME

and

MARGARET JONAH.

### ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 3, 5, 1, is a boy's name.  
My 9, 2, 8, 11, is a vegetable.  
My 11, 13, 2, 4, 3, is a boy's toy.  
My 6, 2, 7, 10, are something we must obey.  
My whole is a famous orator.

WARREN K. HADLEY.

### TWISTED NAMES OF MEN IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1. Iowlms.
2. Htwsnniago.
3. Nnllloc.
4. Atgnr.
5. Nipghrse.
6. Uublsocm.
7. Dnoush.
8. Eeydw.
9. Krnnflai.
10. Onobe.

JEAN HAYS.

### A SQUADRON OF SHIPS.

(Example: The ship of permanent residents.  
Answer, citizenship.)

1. The ship soliciting favor.
2. The ship of toil.
3. The ship eminent for political abilities.
4. Two ships of rank.
5. The ship of learning.
6. The ship bold in contest.
7. The ship of familiar intercourse.
8. The ship of mutual attachment.
9. The ship of association.
10. The ship of joint interest.
11. The ship of manufacture.
12. The ship of the commander.

*The Independent.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

ENIGMA LVI.—The duty of every loyal American this year is to save for Uncle Sam.

ENIGMA LVII.—Dominion of Canada.

A DIAMOND.—

L  
SIP  
SABLE  
LIBRARY  
PLACE  
ERE  
Y

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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